

Ladle

[Vic Chesnutt](#)

You file me with the libertines
I fold in line
My monthly dole of magazines
Beaming bistro shineIn my ladle is your plum
And my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs
Of your cutesy falling crumbsI saw you at the snazzy din, din
You made me sad that I watched
I must say you truly packed 'em in
Nearly dearly debauchedIn my ladle is your plum
And my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs
Of your cutesy falling crumbsIn my ladle is your plum
And my daily staple of your cutesy crumbs
Of your cutesy falling crumbs

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